K. C. R.

THE

CALEDONIAN HEROINE,

OR, THE

INVASION AND FALL

OF

SUENO THE DANE.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Arma virumque cano.—— VIRG.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

T O

The Right Honourable

The Lady ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND,

Counteſs of SUTHERLAND,

Lady STRATHNAVER, &c.

To the Lady ELIZABETH WEMYSS.

To the Lady ALVA.

To the Right Honourable the Lord BALGONY.

To the Honourable ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS of Douglas.

To the Honourable JAMES WEMYSS of Wemyſs.

To the Honourable FRANCIS CHARTERIS of Amisfield.

To the Honourable Colonel JAMES ST. CLAIR of St. Clair.

To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE of Hailes, Baronet.

And to all the NOBLE and HONOURED GUARDIANS of the NOBLE HEIR and REPRESENTATIVE of the moſt ancient EARLS of SUTHERLAND.

Theſe Cantos are,

With the moſt profound reſpect,

Inſcribed by their moſt dutiful,

And obedient humble ſervant,

R. C.

DYSERT,

21ſt MARCH 1771.

5 JY 62

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE deſign of theſe cantos now offered to the publick, is to celebrate the late glorious deciſion of the Britiſh peers, in favours of the noble heir and repreſentative of the moſt illuſtrious and ancient Earls of SUTHERLAND.

THE invaſion of SCOTLAND by the SCANDIAN Princes, is a dark period of hiſtory, and moſt ſuitable of any for poetical relation and invention. Fancy may range unchallenged in ſo large a common, and defy the jargon of critical ſtrictures.

THE conflict here related happened hard by the Caſtle of DUNROBIN, the ancient ſeat and reſidence of theſe heroes. After ravaging the ſouthern counties of SCOTLAND, SUENO landed in SUTHERLAND, and was there entirely routed.

SOME tombs of the DANISH king and his chieftains, are ſtill to be ſeen at ſome little diſtance from the family ſeat.

THE writer of theſe cantos might have greatly availed himſelf by the peruſal of that very learned and ingenious

defence publiſhed lately in behalf of the Counteſs of SUTHERLAND, her rights and titles, by Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE of HALES, Baronet, one of the Lords of Council and Seſſion, and guardian to the Counteſs, but the hurry of an occaſional poem, which muſt be got through in a day or two, and being at too great a diſtance to gain acceſs to that very maſterly volume, (which will be a model, in this kind of writing, to after ages, as it is a noble monument of that gentleman's learning and penetration) this may poſſibly plead for any imperfection. He ſhall, however, obſerve in his own defence, that any rigid criticiſm upon his introducing what ſome will ſay, names and families too modern, appears altogether frivolous, as BUCHANAN and others on theſe times, repreſent our preſent chieftains in LOTHIAN, MERSE, and FIFE, as preſent at theſe encounters with the SCANDIAN princes.

ERRATA,

Page 8th, l. 22, for pirates *read* Denmark; p. 10, l. 10, for ruth'd *read* ruſh'd; p. 11, l. 8, for ſhe *read* the; p. 15, l. 9, *read* Taia; p. 19, l. 8, for the *read* his.

5 JY 62

THE
INVASION AND FALL
OF
SUENO.

CANTO I.

Such were the words of the Bards in the days of the ſong, when the King heard the muſic of harps, and the tales of other times. OSSIAN.

LOUD blew the ſtorm from NORWAY's ſhore,
The wild waves growl'd with deaf'ning ſound,
As EURUS trump was heard to roar,
Muſt'ring his airy ſquadrons round.

Sadly along the groaning wood
Demons of death were heard to call,
In ſummons, where proud bulwarks ſtood,
In warlike ſtrength round WILLIAM's hall.

There, 'mid her faithful vaſſal train,
With hearts to conquer, or to die,
ELIZA ſat; her beauteous mein
Eclips'd by Sorrow's tearful eye.

In ſable weeds her princely ſtate
Was veil'd; the charm of youthful bloom,
In clouds of grief; for ſhe had wept,
An orphan, o'er her parents tomb.

No father's arm to ſhield this flow'r,
No mother's wakeful care to tend,
No brother bold 'gainſt hoſtile pow'r,
To riſe the noble orphan's friend.

Helpleſs herſelf, and all forlorn,
Her guide, her guard, ſweet Innocence,
'Gainſt worldly rapine, fraud, or ſcorn,
Her guardian high ſtood Providence.

And tidings of fierce SUEN' were told,
How winged fleets in dread array
Approach'd: the SCANDIAN vulture bold,
With keen eye hov'ring o'er his prey.

Their brother's blood ſtain'd BRORAS * plain,
Vengeful they fear nor wind nor waves;
They vow'd loſt trophies to regain,
Or find their warlike kinſmens grave.

With twelve tall ſhips, and horrent arms,
His banners ſtreaming to the gale,
Firſt SUENO ruth'd with fierce alarms,
With him three thouſand warriors ſail.

Fierce followed on the foaming flood,
With equal ſhips and equal hoſt,
Like eaglet bent on ſpoil and blood,
The furious prince, his father's boaſt.

Next ſteer'd for SCOTIA's verdant plains,
HENGIST the Great, the DANISH pride:
Two thouſand axes arm his trains,
Eight tow'ring veſſels ſtem the tide.

ALRIC, who taught his helmed crew
To launch keen ſhafts from DOFRINE bows,
With five ſhips o'er the billows flew;
A thouſand ſkill'd the train compoſe.

* A little town upon the coaſt, watered by the river of that name; it lies about 12 miles to the northward of the ſtately caſtle of Dunrobin, the ſeat of the noble and ancient Earls of Sutherland.

Then, widely fam'd for naval broils,
Came NORVAIN, with two thouſand ſpears,
Full richly deck'd in ENGLISH ſpoils;
Now ſwift for SCOTIA's ſtrand he ſteers.

Laſt, with twelve hundred in his train,
Their GOTHIC ſwords in gore to ſteep,
All vengeful, for his kinſmen ſlain,
Fell HUBBA plough'd the foaming deep.

And now was heard the choſen band,
" Erſt ſent to ſcour the winding coaſt,
" Th' invaders march along the ſtrand,
" From tempeſts 'ſcap'd a dreadful hoſt.

" Full fifty hundred bowmen bold,
" And fifty hundred ſpearmen bright,
" With warlike ſteeds and banner'd gold,
" To lord it o'er theſe walls to-night."

Appall'd her faithful guardian roſe,
" Good heaven's great help be here ſhe cries;
" We fall the ſpoil of bloody foes,
" Whoſe outrage heaven and earth defies.

" And have we liv'd to mourn the chains
" Of pirates! to behold, ſad fate!
" Theſe tow'rs laid waſte, her rich domains,
" ELIZ' a ſlave on SUENO wait!"

Trembling ſhe ſunk; the ſtruggling croud
Of pow'rful paſſions ſeal'd her tongue;
Each boſom bled; while echoing loud
With female cries, the caſtle rung.

Then from her ſeat, with accents new,
For heav'n the princely maid inſpir'd
She thus beſpoke her vaſſals true,
In guiſe which drooping courage fir'd.

"The DANES come on to win theſe tow'rs,
"Eager and mighty for the fray;
"But heav'n ſhall blaſt their vaunting pow'rs,
"Fell havock pierce their deep array.

"Juſt is our cauſe, and I have heard
"How my forefathers, juſt and brave,
"In bloody fields their ſtandard rear'd,
"Their country's faith, or rights to ſave.

"Oft have I heard the wondrous tale
"Of glorious deeds perform'd by few;
"Then why ſhou'd chilling fears prevail,
"When heav'n theſe wonders may renew.

"Hence, hence with fears, ill-tim'd delay!
"Heroic ardor fires my breaſt,
"And heav'n may ſend ere morning ray,
"A hand up-raiſing the depreſs'd."

She ceas'd; her words, like vernal ſhow'rs
To drooping fields, new life convey'd,
To arm the brave, who from the tow'rs,
Now helms and blazon'd ſhields diſplay'd.

They ſhine in arms; and high in air
Her banners of defiance flew;
Such was the ſign, her bands repair
From neighbouring ſeats a dauntleſs crew.

The bridge up-drawn, from its dark cell
Ruth'd iron PORTCULLIS harſh and ſtrong;
Peal'd from the ſpire war's dreadful knell;
The warriors o'er the bulwarks throng.

The DANES advanc'd in grim array,
Fierce enſigns ſtreaming to the wind:
Flight and amazement mark their way;
Stalk Death and Solitude behind.

In front, high plum'd, in glitt'ring arms
Rode gallant SUEN', his Captains round,
Stern vet'rans train'd to war's alarms,
And now the herald-trumpets ſound.

" Set wide your gates! I proffer life,
" Rebels, receive your rightful Lord,
" Nor madly dare in bloody ſtrife,
" The rage of SUENO's conqu'ring ſword.

" If, deſp'rate, ye contemn my grace,
" And SCANDIA's legions dare defy,
" Come forth and combat face to face,
" In bulwarks ſkulking cowards ly.

" Who wins the field ſhall ſhare the ſpoils,
" Theſe rich domains, this caſtle fair,
" With titles proud to crown his toils,
" She vanquiſh'd death, and black deſpair."

He ſaid, and 'vengeful in his mood,
With furious brigade, forc'd his way,
Nor mark'd the Bowmen where they ſtood
With winged deaths to meet their prey.

Thrice ſtrove the narrow paſs to gain,
And thrice the feather'd jav'lins flew;
At ev'ry flight ſtretch'd on the plain
Full forty gallant DANES they ſlew.

Enrag'd, and mourning wars miſchance,
Sign of retreat, he winds his horn,
Swore by his gods, the DANISH lance
Should ſhake their proudeſt walls ere morn.

The morning blaz'd with fiery ray,
Purpling the plain and WILLIAM's tow'rs,
Uſh'ring the havock of the day,
And fiercely march'd the DANISH pow'rs.

Full in the van with ſoldier's ſkill,
And ſoldier's pride his camp he plac'd;
The rivers urg'd his trenches fill,
And riſing tow'rs his rampart grac'd.

Hence ten long days and ten long nights,
His ſlings and archers ply'd the foe,
Till, pity it was, in random fights,
Full many a youth was laid full low.

Thick from the walls, the iron ſhow'r
Of arrowy ſleet and miſſils came;
Back ruſh'd fierce fire-brands to devour
Their bulwarks whelm'd in ſtench and flame.

Harraſs'd and torn with galling wounds,
The little hoſt their turrets grac'd,
A braver hoſt on SCOTTISH grounds
The rage of DENMARK never fac'd.

From rank to rank, in nodding creſt
And burniſh'd arms, ELIZA flew,
"Fight on, brave hearts, Hope in my breaſt,
"Still whiſpers what great heav'n may do."

Long hung the war in doubtful ſcale,
Reſolv'd on death before they'd yield,
Till ſavage numbers 'gan prevail
With perſeverance o'er the field.

Their ev'ry hope of ſuccour fled,
Deſpair unmans the vet'ran's ſoul;
Their ſpears no more with ſucceſs ſped,
Their bows no more the DANE controul.

And now the circling moat was paſt,
Fierce tribes with raging fury ſtung,
To burſt the gates like thunder preſt;
Within lament and uproar rung.

In van, like MARS, with THRACIAN bands,
The furious chief drew ev'ry eye,
As dread he ſtrove with blazing brands
To ſcale, and fire the turrets high.

And now loud burſting bands give way,
Redoubled axes rend the gates,
The murd'rer marks his trembling prey,
The ſword of bloody ſlaughter waits.

One raging hour had ſunk thy tow'rs,
ELIZA! ſack'd by fire and ſword;
And thou with all thy loyal pow'rs
Hadſt bled, or own'd a foreign lord.

When lo! loud pealing on the ear,
The clanging trumpet's ſilver ſound,
With trampling ſteeds, ſpoke ſuccour near,
With ſhouts the hills and dales rebound.

He comes ! the happy watchman cries,
He comes !---the King with all his hoſt ;
He comes like lightning from the ſkies,
Thou bloody DANE ! to mar thy boaſt.

And now their ſovereign liege is heard,
" Health to the brave in WILLIAM's Hall
" O'er SUEN' the brand of death is rear'd,
" Come forth and ſee th' invader's fall !

Loud o'er the tow'rs the tidings rung,
The bands like long loſt brethren meet,
Fond o'er her charge the guardian hung,
Their loud acclaims their ſovereign greet.

Advancing where in fight the down,
Gave ample ſpace for war's array,
He bid the horns, with lordly frown,
Defy the DANE in bloody fray.

In burniſh'd arms on fiery ſteed,
His red plumes dancing in the gale,
He ſhone and ſwore bold SUEN' ſhould bleed,
Nor one return to tell the tale.

* Great MARCH who foil'd in bloody fields
The ENGLISH and BATAVIAN arms;
ST. CLAIR and WEEMS with blazon'd ſhields,
Who trophies won in ſea alarms.

PERTH, ERSKINE, LESLIE, mighty Thanes,
Dread guardians of the SCOTTISH ſhore,
STEWART, LYON, led their martial trains,
And rous'd them with the tales of yore.

From TAIAO's ſilver branching ſtream,
Sworn guardian to bold WILLIAM's heir,
Great MURRAY march'd with daz'ling gleam
Of ſpears and bucklers ſounding far.

From winding TWEED's green pleaſing dale,
Came princely SCOT, his country's boaſt,
His Captains brave in ſhining mail,
ELLIOT and HARDINE join the hoſt.

With NISBET fam'd in martial broils,
And WHITEFOORD march his deep array:
Full proudly deck'd in EDWARD's ſpoils,
Ruſh'd SCOT to meet his foreign prey.

* The martial atchievements of this warlike branch ſprung from the noble houſe of DOUGLAS, and the memorable exploits of the other heroes here celebrated, may be ſeen at large in the hiſtorical tracts of BUCHANAN, ABERCROMBIE, and other SCOTS writers.

But chief amid fam'd SCOTIA's peers,
The flow'r and bulwark of the hoſt,
Lord DOUGLAS rode with glitt'ring ſpears,
And banner chief, his rightful boaſt.

As lion gorg'd t'ward NILUS plain,
O'er NUBIAN mountains bends his way,
So he fair ENGLAND's champions ſlain,
Came rous'd to rend the DANISH prey.

And by his ſide in GALLIC mail,
His 'ſquire when PIERCY he defy'd,
Rode truſty COLVILLE of the Dale,
In ev'ry field and fortune try'd.

He lov'd his lord, and to his race
Left all his ſtore, a loyal heart,
Which envy's tooth cou'd ne'er efface,
Nor galling ſcorn's envenom'd dart.

Though neither wealth, nor titl'd name,
May to this faithful 'ſquire belong,
Yet ſhall the Muſe record his fame,
Reſounding in ſome future ſong.

CANTO II.

Quis te, Magne Cato, tacitum, aut te, Coſſe, relinquat?
Quis Gracchi genus, aut geminos duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ! VIRG. Æn. 6.

THOU Muſe! who warm with native fire,
Peal'd on the harp the martial ſtrain
Of CHEVIOT's field, deign to inſpire
Me, rudeſt of the tuneful train.

So, happ'ly charm'd, the nicer ear
Of peers and courtly dames, my verſe
May ſuit, while I, devoid of fear,
Their triumphs and their toils rehearſe.

As bellowing herds ruſh on amain,
Who long had fought with rival rage
Each other, thus in duſty plain,
With thund'ring ſound the hoſts engage.

The neighing ſteeds, the clang of arms,
The brigades ruſhing to the war,
The groans of death, the proud alarms,
Up the long dales re-echo far.

Earl DOUGLAS fierce with SCOTTISH ſpears
Thro' broken ſquadrons rends his way,
SIWARD and HORSA, 'mid their peers,
Pierc'd by his lance, expiring lay.

Circling the DANISH bowmen brave,
The phalanx firm, with arrowy flight:
Where MARCH! thy bloody falchions wave,
They fall, or fly in wild affright.

Thrice on the right, SCOT charg'd amain,
The ſlaughter'd heaps around him grew:
Great HENGIST, waſteful on the plain,
From his proud ſteed the chieftain threw.

Like ANTEUS with reviving force,
Dread HENGIST on his rival ſprung,
Whoſe thirſty ſpear arreſts his courſe,
He falls; his brazen armour rung.

ALRIC, who ſaw his brother bleed,
For vengeance bent his DOFRINE bows;
Fierce archers ply with bloody ſpeed,
Before them ſink their vanquiſh'd foes.

O'er LEADMOIR, TAINO, RANALD, ſlain,
With ſounding ſhafts he urg'd his way,
Till BRUCE, with WEEMS, repell'd the DANE,
Like raging wolf rob'd of his prey.

With phalanx firm, their yielding throng,
Bold WHITEFOORD gores with briſtling ſpears,
O'er DRURO ſlain his guards among
The flaming falchion SINCLAIR rears.

LYON, LESLIE, ERSKINE, on the left,
With quiver'd archers gall'd them ſore,
Thro' helm and brazen hauberk cleft,
By MURRAY's ax they ſink in gore.

Nor ſhall thy prowefs paſs unſung,
In council great as in the field,
DALRYMPLE! thou! with trophies hung
Of ALRIC ſlain his bow and ſhield.

A youth there was of good degree,
From FORTHA's winding floods he came,
His ſire, renown'd for loyalty,
In bloody fields had purchas'd fame.

His ſilver'd age o'ertoil'd the knight,
In peace repoſing vaunts his ſcars;
His ſteady clan, with lances bright,
Follow'd young CHARTERS to the wars.

He ſaw how SUENO's deſp'rate bands
Full many a waſteful inroad made,
How GRÆME beneath his mighty hands,
And active KEITH in duſt were laid.

He ſaw his braveſt vaſſals bleed,
And ſtung beneath his ſov'reign's eye,
Follow, ye brave! your courſe I lead
To glorious death or trophies high.

They paſs'd the archers proud alarms,
They paſs'd the wings with courage true,
Their banner'd crow with daring hand
To ſeize like fire the hero flew.

Ah! youth, too brave! ah! hapleſs fire!
What magic ſooth'd thy fears! to yield
That ſon in battle to expire,
Whoſe arm thy tott'ring age might ſhield.

Where-e'er his bloody courſers turn,
A thouſand deaths are on the wing,
A thouſand lances round him burn,
In air a thouſand jav'lins ſing.

Nor pointed ſpears retard his courſe,
Valour thro' theſe can burſt its way;
Shouting he claims with matchleſs force,
In throat of death his deſtin'd prey.

Thrice thro' he charg'd the center band,
Stern guardians of their magic ſign;
They ſink before his waſteful brand,
And with their lives their charge reſign.

Then to the king, triumphant flies,
With trophy of immortal fame;
The king receives the glorious prize,
The hoſt reſounds his TITL'D NAME.

This SUENO ſaw, he winds his horn,
Then gath'ring firm his deep array,
By mad deſpair and fury torn,
He puts his fate on one eſſay.

Singling amid' his circling peers,
The king of SCOTS, with barb'rous cry,
Th' invader ruſh'd 'mid thouſand ſpears
Bent to regain, or bravely die.

Then man to man, and horſe to horſe,
Their idle bows were caſt aſide,
The regal javelin mark'd its courſe
In noble HUBBA's warm blood dy'd.

WEMYS, ERSKINE, LESLIE, launch their ſpears,
And REGAN, HAGO, ROGART, ſlew,
As CLEYN his pond'rous mace uprears,
The ſhafts of NISBET pierc'd him thro'.

Red raging ſlaughter ſtalks around,
The waſting ax deſcends amain;
Brain'd from their warlike ſteeds to ground,
Bold GREY and HEPBURN bite the plain.

Like tygreſs rob'd with enſigns fierce,
And flaming blade, SUEN' urg'd his way,
Now thro' the royal band they pierce,
Now, ſhouting, claim the doubtful day.

Chill horror froze ELIZA's blood,
She mark'd the peril of the king,
With ſuccours brave, who ready ſtood,
She left the walls like hawk on wing.

Mid' war and death ſhe ſought her lord,
The DANE had puſh'd him from the field,
Till DOUGLAS turn'd the DANISH ſword,
And ruſh'd with interpoſing ſhield.

As noble floods, half drain'd, receive
The mountain torrents after rain,
And thunder thro', ſo ruſh'd the brave
With noiſe and ardor on the DANE.

O'er ſteeds and groaning heaps they go,
The charge reſounds, the conflict burns,
Till SCOT, thy lance, laid NORVAIN low,
And o'er young SUEN' the father mourns.

The king's keen pole-ax cleft him down,
As rud, he ſtruck ELIZA's creſt,
The ſire who ſaw him ghaſtly groan
To great revenge his ſoul addreſt.

He call'd his fifty knights ſo true,
With huge blades arm'd, and helms of braſs,
Then at the king like lightning flew,
Cutting his way with dreadful paſs.

" Turn, murd'rer, turn, the ſire demands,
" Thy life to ſooth my SUENO's ſhade,
" Nor thine alone, thy ſervile bands,
" With blood ſhall drench my thirſty blade.

Then STUART, ALPIN, in his courſe,
With interpoſing LAING, he ſlew;
His ſteel high rais'd with vengeful force,
To earth the king's proud courſer threw.

Again he rais'd his deſp'rate arm,
The king on foot defy'd the DANE,
Fierce to his aid, with loud alarm,
The nobles ruſh, a loyal train.

With ſounding bow, and quiver'd pride,
Like VOLSCIAN princeſs * fam'd in ſong,
ELIZA ſwift was ſeen to ride,
And ſend keen ſhafts amid' the throng.

Half had ſhe ſped her feather'd ſtore,
When urg'd by fate, her arrow keen
Deep in SUEN's ſhoulder drank the gore,
Like wounded bull more raging ſeen.

He turn'd, and reckleſs in his wrath
Aſſail'd the maid; with ardor meet,
Earl DOUGLAS turn'd the brand of death,
Then charg'd the DANE like eagle fleet.

As lions fierce, on LIBYA's plain,
Encounter, foaming o'er their ſpoil,
Some heifer fair, the leaders twain,
Thus dread commence their warlike toil.

They bend, they wheel, then vengeful turn;
With clanging roar their bucklers cloſe;
Aloft their circling falchions burn,
Thro' riven mail the crimſon flows.

* Camilla, a princeſs of the Volſcian line. See the beautiful deſcription of this warlike maid. Virg. End of 7th Æn.

Full where his helm ſhone waving high,
The DOUGLAS' SWORD with gaping wound,
Like lightning brandiſh'd from the ſky,
Fell'd bloody SUENO to the ground.

The DANE with all his chieftains ſlain,
The vulgar rout like driven deer,
Ruſh to the ſhore, their ſhips to gain,
But DOUGLAS follow'd on the rear.

The deſp'rate rovers on the ſtrand
He quell'd, and to compleat their fate,
Fir'd the tall ſhips with flaming brand,
Then ſtern, denounc'd their ſervile ſtate.

" Down with your arms, ye ſlaves! reſign!
" Soldiers no more; by rightful doom,
" The ſword devouring ſhould conſign
" Your pale trunks to a wat'ry tomb.

" But mercy prompts our gracious lord,
" Go him on ſuppliant knees implore,
" His bondmen captive by the ſword,
" You hail high SCANDIA's hills no more."

Them guarding with a truſty band,
Slowly he cours'd the bloody field,
His * 'SQUIRE ſupports in ready hand
SUENO's huge ſword, his helm and ſhield.

He paſs'd the PALMERS on the plain,
Tending the wounded and the dead,
They cry'd, but few of note are ſlain,
Though numbers of the vulgar bleed.

He curb'd his ſteed, on riſing mound †
A chieftain's tomb his notice drew,
New grac'd with pillar'd maſs around,
High hung with wreaths of fun'ral hue.

" In this low cell, the DANISH boaſt,
" Stern SUENO's breathleſs corſe is laid,
" Here fall'n with all his gallant hoſt,
" Theſe rites ſhall ſooth the ſoldier's ſhade."

* Colville of the Dale: The firſt of this name was a French knight, who came over to Douglas, Duke of Turraine; that they were favourite vaſſals, appears both from the Scotch and Engliſh hiſtory. Their lands are now ſwallowed up into the vaſt eſtate of Douglas, but their loyalty has continued the fame, never to be alienated. Their moſt ſteady and moſt ſingular attachment to the cauſe and fortunes of YOUNG DOUGLAS for theſe many years paſt, is ſufficiently known to all the world.

† The tomb of the Daniſh king is ſtill pointed out at a little diſtance from the caſtle of Dunrobin. See Bowen's geogr.

Earl DOUGLAS heard; the manly grief
Cours'd silent down:—" And this the grave
" Of royal SUEN' the fiercest chief
" That e'er did DOUGLAS' falchion brave!

" Peace to the dead, in this low cell,
" Thy stain of lawless war shall rest,
" Thy bloody rage, thy ravage fell,
" Which oft dismay'd the firmest breast."

Star'd eve now 'lightn'd all the skies,
With blazing lamps the tow'rs appear;
ELIZA feasts, in courtly guise,
The king, with many a valiant peer.

O'er the bright walls, the victor train
Tell feats of arms, then boastful join
At feast or song; they rouse amain
Their joys with flowing cups of wine.

Their bursting shout, their festive lyre,
Glad DOUGLAS hears, and now he past
The sounding bridge; in war's attire,
With speed into the hall he prest.

" Health to my liege and barons brave,
" To bright ELIZA peace secure;
" Their navy burns; like fetter'd slave
" The crest-fall'n DANES submit their pow'r."

He took his chair next to the king,
At whoſe right hand ELIZA ſat;
And now the livered ſervants bring
In order rang'd the regal treat.

Store piles the board; the gen'rous wine
In ſtreaming goblets circles round,
As happieſt they at feaſt combine,
The toils of war with glory crown'd.

To ſolemn harp and warbling lyres,
The choral train fierce deeds rehearſe
Of youthful knights, and warlike fires,
The chiefs attend the martial verſe.

And now the king, who favour ſhow'd
Much to the fair and guardian grave,
Profer'd his boon by right beſtow'd
On HER ſo loyal, wiſe and brave.

Silence impos'd, where high he ſat
Begirt with peers and barons bold,
He thus began, with lordly ſtate,
His ſov'reign mandate to unfold:

" 'Tis meet diſtinguiſh'd WORTH ſhould ſhare
" Diſtinguiſh'd praiſe, to fan the fire
" In this bad world, leſt virtue fair
" O'erlook'd in noble minds expire.

" Theſe rich domains ſpread far and wide,
" Skirted with hills and waving wood,
" Circl'd by TAINE's fair ſwelling tide,
" And grac'd with walls and turrets proud,

" Be thine, fair MAID! thy NOBLE RACE
" Shall BLAZON'D ARMS and TITLES BRIGHT
" Bear with the FIRST, as face to face
" You won them from the DANE in fight.

" And all to ſilence female fears,
" Myſelf your champion here I boaſt,
" To come with all my valiant peers
" When e'er thy peace or RIGHT is croſt.

" 'Gainſt foreign ſword, or guile at home,
" When pride and outrage play the DANE,
" I ſwear in thy defence to come,
" Your LIFE, your HONOURS, to regain.

" To ratify my ſov'reign deed,
" This REGAL SIGNET I beſtow,
" Which when you ſend in time of need,
" This arm ſhall lay invaders low."

Then on her pearly wriſt he bound
The golden verge; the bluſhing DAME
Smil'd ſilent thanks on knee profound,
The chiefs their kindred joys proclaim.

And now with silver trumpets sound,
The heralds peal her TITLES HIGH
Loudly the walls and tow'rs rebound,
As if they did the world defy.

Thus THEY the happiest train that e'er
Conveen'd in hall, or forest wide,
Protract the feast with jocund cheer,
Till morn array'd the green hill side.

Now I take my leave, and pray
This lawless rapine be laid low,
Still, like this HOST of BROTHERS, may
Our PEERS repel the common foe.

FINIS.

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